

STORY of the FIRST of the FAIRIES, or WIDEAWAKE TO-DAY

TOLD BY PIERRE VEBER

She was unquestionably the last of the fairies; all the others had disappeared one by one—for fairies pass away just as field marshals do, and now no new ones are created. The old fairies, then, had perished in the course of time, one having been killed in a quarrel with a rival; another having come to a sad end through love of a mortal, and various others having been slain by progress; so, one by one, the old fairies had all vanished and the few survivors divided their property among themselves.

The last of the fairies lived in the heart of a Thuringian forest. (The densest forests are usually to be found in Thuringia.) From time to time she was visited by a dwarf, who told her of the death of one of her sisters and brought her her share of the property which had belonged to the deceased; as a result, talismans, magic wands, enchanted boxes, and all the other necessary accessories of her profession were heaped in piles along the entire length of her cave.

At last a deputation of elf called and informed her that the last of her coevals had passed away, and then she knew that she was the last of the fairies. As she had never left the forest, she felt neither proud nor melancholy at the news that she had become Queen of Fairyland. After all, she had no one to reign over but herself, and if it is difficult to obey it is still more difficult to command.

Sometimes she visited her only friend, an old genie, who was the guardian of the earth's secrets. Then they talked about the things which interested them; for example, about the vocation of the supernatural personage who has no future, about the histories of celebrated enchanters and about the best methods of making a philter. The genie had written a "Complete Genie's Handbook," which was regarded as an authoritative work. At sunrise the fairy went back to sleep in her own cave. Sometimes the old genie visited her and examined her collection of talismans, which he criticized. On such occasions they exchanged talismans and other things with each other, and for several centuries they carried on this peaceful method of doing business.

At last, one day, the queen, who had no kingdom, went to her old friend and said to him:

"I've had enough of it. I'm going to travel."

"Are you serious?" he asked, much surprised. "Where will you go?" "Straight in front of me," she answered. "In that way I shall certainly reach some goal. You understand that one gets tired of having absolute power and of not being able to profit by it. I have heaps of talismans which I do not use, and nothing gets damaged more quickly than a talisman which is not used. I am tired of manifesting my power over inoffensive animals, and I have a strong desire to test it in some other way. I am going to look for some superior beings."

"I understand; you are a coquette; you have eternal youth and you want to try your influence on men."

"If I can. I have had enough of changing animals into animals, and I would like now to change men into animals."

"One need not be a fairy in order to change men into animals," replied the genie, with a sigh. "A pretty woman can do that."

"Moreover, I want to test my valuable property. I have a Fortunatus' purse, which is always full; a carpet which flies through space, the marvelous lamp, the wand which petrifies, the ring which renders one invisible and the enchanted root which passes through walls, and several other rare things. I confess that it is hard to keep all these things stowed away in one's cave."

"So you've made up your mind?"

"Yes."

"Then when shall we start?" he asked. "For you certainly did not think that I would let you go alone?"

"You are the dearest old genie that was ever born. We will start tomorrow morning. Oh, how glad I am!" The night was spent in discussion. The method of travelling was arranged; the fairy decided to travel in the same way as the most ordinary mortals. They agreed that it would be better to travel slowly, in order that they might be able to study the country and the people. Moreover, having read all the stories about fairies, they knew that these omnipotent creatures used the most rudimentary methods of locomotion and either through modesty or curiosity always travelled on foot like honest women.

The moment Aurora touched the mountain tops with her rosy fingers the fairy started on her journey, accompanied by her old friend. Their luggage, borne by impalpable domes-

ties, followed slowly at a little distance. In a short time the travellers were out of their cordial forest and were going toward the nearest town.

"Suppose we take a ride on the railroad," suggested the genie, who did not like walking.

"Just as you please; though I don't know what a railroad is," answered the fairy.

They reached the nearest railroad station. A train was announced, but when the locomotive appeared at the mouth of the tunnel, puffing forth smoke and fire from its long neck, the fairy became frightened, fancying that it was the traditional dragon serpent which she saw rising from the bowels of the earth, and before the genie was able to stop her she raised her wand and pronounced the formula which renders beings and things motionless.

The locomotive stopped at once and with such suddenness that the carriages crashed into each other and there was a horrible catastrophe, the real cause of which was never discovered. The railroad officials and signal men were tried on the charge of homicide and ended their wretched lives in prison.

When they heard the crash the two divine beings stopped and refrained from continuing their journey along the railroad track. They travelled on the great roads toward the west, keeping somewhat toward the south. They asked for hospitality just as though they were poor human beings without a home, and, bearing in mind their moral mission, they recompensed or punished, according to the treatment they received.

Now, the results of this distributive justice were quite different from what they had expected. At the first farm house, which they entered they were treated so kindly that they considered themselves bound to show proper gratitude, and, therefore, in the morning, while the farmer and his family were still asleep, they placed on the table in the dining room a bag filled with gold and went their way.

The farmer, however, when he found this bag, was sure that he had harbored robbers, who had adopted this method of getting rid of a portion of their booty, and his wife exclaimed: "That's what comes of giving shelter

to vagabonds! It shall not happen again, but now we must take this money to the magistrate, and that means a whole day wasted."

Having been badly treated in another farmhouse, the fairy and the genie revenged themselves by burning it.

The consequence was the next day the farmer, who was a wealthy and wicked man, caused two inoffensive chimney sweepers, who were ten miles away, to be arrested. In truth, it is only in fairy tales that the really guilty are punished; in real life it is usually the innocent who are punished, and it is precisely for this reason that so many unexpected things happen in the world.

The wonderful wanderers continued their journey. Now and then some clown showed disrespect to the fairy, who was very pretty, and straightway she punished him by turning him into a pig.

"Do you think that you've punished him?" growled the old genie then. "I assure you he is no more a pig now than he was before."

They passed through towns and cities, and wherever they appeared they accomplished miracles, which surprised no one, since we moderns have found an explanation for everything which formerly seemed extraordinary. The fairy grew angry at the indifference of men, for she wanted to astonish them.

"Let us go to Paris," said her companion, "for there you will certainly make a sensation."

They finally reached the gates of Paris, and they intended that their journey should end there.

"Now they will see some very improbable things," said the fairy, who was much excited. Suddenly, as they reached the outer boulevard, there passed before their eyes a carriage which was not drawn by any horse, and it was going so swiftly that they could hardly distinguish it.

"Dear me," cried the fairy, "a horseless carriage! There must be some witchcraft here, for this enchanted carriage has left behind it an internal smell."

She happened to look up then, and saw in the sky a long object which was making strange motions; it was the balloon of M. Santos-Dumont.

which had won the Deutsch prize. "Look," cried the fairy, "there is a tallman which is quite as good as my carpet! Can it be possible that this is a city of sorcerers?"

The travellers went to a hotel. A handsome young man, wearing a fine costume, conducted them into a small room. Then he touched one of the walls and straightway the room began to ascend and speedily shot up past the various floors with wonderful facility.

"What," cried the fairy, addressing the handsome young man, "is it possible that you are a colleague of ours? Do you possess the marvellous root which enables one to pass through walls?"

"Madame," he replied, "I am the boy who attends to the elevator and I have no root; neither has any of the other servants."

The fairy, who had come to astonish the people of Paris, was actually stupefied. She was conducted to her apartment and, as it was now dark, she prepared to light Aladdin's lamp, a magical operation which is somewhat complicated. The servant, however, by simply touching a button, at once produced a brilliant light in the room. The fairy rushed into the next room, where the genie was beginning to make himself at home.

"My friend," she said, "this city is filled with fairies, enchanters and magicians; the lights light of themselves, the men fly in the clouds and the carriages go without horses. I feel quite uneasy."

"So you are already sorry that you left your forest. What did I tell you?" A cry uttered by the fairy interrupted him. With her finger she was pointing at the window.

At the other side of the street, on a level with the second story, a luminous image had just appeared. It oscillated, then became animated and the persons represented on it suddenly manifested a singular and flickering life, moved hither and thither for several minutes, after which the image disappeared. Quickly another image, in which there were also animated persons, took its place and in this way the strange performance continued.

"It's extraordinary," said the fairy,

who had never heard of cinematography. "Indeed it is," assented the genie. "I really do not see how they produce an enchanting scene like that, but as soon as I go home I will make some experiments myself in the same direction."

They went down to the salon, which was deserted at that hour. While looking for the illustrated papers the fairy struck against a box, surmounted by a sort of copper vase, which seemed to be the shrine of an incomplete French horn, and straightway there came from it in a nasal voice the words, "New song, sung by M. Dramon, at the Eldorado," and then the song itself, "Grief Is Foolish."

Inexpressible terror seized the last of the fairies. "Help, genie, help," she cried. "There is an evil spirit in this box, who has rendered himself invisible, so that he may mock at us. Don't you hear him?"

Thereupon the genie uttered the word which compels spirits to assume a tangible form, but nevertheless the voice continued to announce that grief was foolish and so forth. Finally a waiter, attracted by the sound, entered and said as he took the box away: "Permission must be obtained before the phonograph can be used, as otherwise it would get out of order."

There were still other surprises in store for the fairy. Seeing the cashier talking to a little wooden box she conceived the idea of imitating her, and therefore she put the polished knobs to her ears and, crying "Hello, hello," talked into the little box. After some seconds a rude voice in the distance sent back these words to her: "Are you going to be quiet, you idiot? You've now been annoying us a full hour." She could not bear to hear any more, but rushed out into the street, as distracted as though she had just heard the voice of the Evil One himself.

The genie had some trouble to find her. When he did find her, she was standing in ecstasy before a poorly dressed man, who had on the sidewalk before him strange little beings, endowed with an intermittent life, and at his will these dwarfs came and went until they were exhausted. The man then took them in his hand and with the help of a string put life into them again. The fairy was trying, but in vain, to find out by what magic these little elfs were kept alive, when a

cruel soldier, armed with a small white stick, rushed toward the poorly dressed magician and said: "You know well that it's against the law to sell toys on the public streets. Get."

In the stores the genie and his companion saw many curious objects, among them a self-playing piano, a bird made of tin, which sang better than a natural bird, and a sort of transparent picture, in which were clearly depicted the skeletons of those persons who passed before it. Moreover, in front of certain palatial houses they saw strange maxims appear after the fashion of the celebrated "Mene, mene, tekel, Upharsin," maxims such as "Drink Quinquina Machine" and "I smoke only the Gange cigar."

"Truly," said the old genie, "the men of this country live in a marvellous manner, and it would be impossible for us to surprise them."

"I am beginning to think so, too," replied the fairy.

The last surprise came to them when they saw in a music hall a man accomplish a thousand wonderful things, such as making various objects like balls, playing cards and bats disappear, and then other objects, such as aquaria, bouquets and ribbons, appear, and who wound up by causing a shower of coins to fall on the stage and by juggling himself out of the sight of the audience.

"It is impossible for us to compete with such persons as these," said the two miracle workers. "This man has more skill than we have and knows secrets which we do not know."

"We have nothing more to do here; let us go home."

They spread out their miraculous carpet on the boulevard in the midst of a crowd of loungers and, taking their seats on it, were swiftly borne skyward, not so swiftly, however, as to shut out from the eyes of the disappointed fairy this advertisement in luminous letters: "Eternal youth restored by using Z cream."

When they returned to the old forest the two travellers resolved never again to look for adventures abroad. They will remain in their own domain until the end of time, but they feel more unhappy and smaller than they ever felt before, and the reason is because they know that men have at last discovered the secrets of magic and that in the modern world there is no place for fairies.

WILLIE HAD A PAIN

It was with silent alarm that young William Baker, the most bashful boy of his class, noted the steady progress of an internal pang. It became so acute finally that he could maintain his composure no longer and he cried outright.

The gentle school teacher came down from her chair upon the dais and, placing her hand kindly upon the boy's head, asked him what was the matter.

William only sobbed. He dare not designate his trouble by the rude term under which it was known to school boys. His better instincts told him that such language was not suited to the ears of a lady. But after hearing much tender sympathy and hesitating profoundly, he managed to hit upon what seemed to him to be a polite phrase of diagnosis. And so he raised his tearful eyes and said:

"Please ma'am, I've got a pain in my abdomen."

American Shoes in Switzerland

According to official statistics, there were imported into Switzerland from the United States during the last three years boots and shoes amounting to \$28,860, the increase of imports being about 50 per cent each year.

These statistics give only the figures of the direct importation and do not convey a correct idea of the number actually imported, for most of them came from distributing points in Germany and are entered at the Swiss frontier as originating in that country.

Five years ago it was not possible to buy an American shoe in Switzerland, but we are gradually getting a firm foothold in the country, and now it is no novelty to see in the shop windows of the largest towns shoes with a little American flag displayed thereon and the announcement that they are American made, the inference being that they must necessarily be good.

SIR THOMAS AND KITTY

Sir Thomas and Kitty sat out on the porch.

In the light of the silvery moon, And he breathed forth a prayer To this being most fair.

As he asked for her hand as a boon, "Oh, heart of my hearts! Oh, beauty most rare,

I would give up my life to save thine!"

"That is nothing," said she;

"The point is with me,

Are you willing to give up all nine?"

THE DAY SCHOOL DOESN'T KEEP.

By ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE.

I have read of him in papers, I have noticed him in books, And my mother seems to know him, but I wonder how he looks, For I never yet have met him, and, although he must exist, The boy who likes to go to school I constantly have missed. I have viewed him out in fancy, as mother praised his grace, But, by an odd coincidence, I have not seen his face. For the fellows in our schoolhouse all have voted in a heap That the best of all the school days is the day school doesn't keep.

"Now go to school," my mother says, "and work and study, too, And learn your lessons, every one, as good boys always do." And I guess, perhaps, I'd do it, for I'm willing as can be, But the fellows in our schoolhouse they don't encourage me. I start right in to study that six times two is ten, When a paper wad comes whizzing, and I fire it back again; And I know, when teacher calls me and I near and nearer creep, That the best of all the school days is the day school doesn't keep.

When Trustee Hiram Wigginson took sick and passed away The teacher said in solemn tones: "There'll be no school today"; And, although we did not say it in so many words, maybe, We boys felt boundless gratitude to that defunct trustee. We played upon the hillside and gambolled in the glen, And sometimes thought with sorrow, that he could not die again. We knew, of course, good little boys would sit apart and weep, But to us the best of school days was the day school didn't keep.

I wish that I could see him—the good boy mothers know, The one that likes to go to school and always looks "just so"— But there's little gained by wishing, for he is not in our school, And Bonnie says that if he was he'd likely be a fool. I would like to please my mother, for she's pretty good to me, But I can't be like a fellow that I never never see; And when I say that I like school some way my blood will leap, As I think the best of school days is the day school doesn't keep.

Why Cats and Dogs Are Not Good Friends.

By HARRY SHOBROOK COLLINS

When I was a little boy I remember sitting on my grandfather's knee and hearing him tell the story of why cats and dogs are generally such enemies. My grandfather said that long, long ago, before he was a little boy, cats and dogs were very good friends. And most likely they would be so now had not the event happened that I am going to tell you about.

Once upon a time there was a certain Mr. Puss, who, with his wife, lived in a comfortable old stable. Mr. Puss—Thomas was his first name—had to leave home on important business. He was absent for three weeks, and while he was away Mrs. Puss became very sick. She sent for Dr. Fido, who was as popular with the cats as he was with his brother dogs. Dr. Fido called to see his patient three times. Each time, after carefully putting his spectacles straight, he felt her pulse, looked at her tongue and said: "Go

on with the catnip tea." Mrs. Puss knew that catnip was a good thing, as her grandmother used to give it to her when she was quite a baby. So she took it regularly and was soon able to get around again, and by the time Mr. Thomas returned she was quite well. Now, Mr. and Mrs. Puss had always looked upon their neighbor (Dr. Fido) as one of their greatest friends, and continued to do so until the doctor brought in his bill. Mrs. Puss thought that as the doctor had only called on her three times his bill would certainly not be more than six inches in length, but to her surprise and indignation the bill they received was twenty-five feet long! Mr. Thomas was very angry and said some naughty things about the doctor, and dogs in general, and declared that he would never pay the bill. He never did, and this was the starting point of the quarrel which has ever since been kept up.

JOLLY ROUND MONK

There's a jolly round monk on the tankard old, That came from the bric-a-brac sale; A life-like and pleasant old chap to behold, His staid and quaint style, His broad booming smile, Will drive away care without fail.

The ruddiest cheeks has my old tankard friend, And twinkling eyes of blue; He reminds of a cork stood on its end, So broad is his body through; And his robe of brown Hangs loosely down, The knotted cords in view.

He's the happiest monk that you ever met, And a jolly good fellow is he, And I gaze at his stein till my lips are wet For a taste of the foam dripping free; And he seems to say, In a merry way, Come have a sip with me.

USE OF GRAPE FRUIT

One of the wholesale fruit dealers of New York city remarked recently this biggest increase in his trade this year was owing to the public developing a fondness for shaddocks, or pomelos, as the East Indians call them. Not so many years ago it was impossible to sell a grape fruit outside of New York city, and even here the demand has been restricted.

An occasional epicure insisted upon having one for breakfast during the season, but it was a waste of money to keep them in small markets; it was necessary, when wanted, to order beforehand from one's grocer.

Today not only are tons of grape fruit sold on Manhattan island, but all through the country, in small inland towns, they are part of the regular stock and are disposed of in great numbers. Americans have learned to appreciate their refreshing qualities, and, as a rule, they serve as the first breakfast course.

To prepare properly the grape fruit should be cut horizontally in two equal parts, the center pith, of fiber, removed; then drenched with West India rum and powdered sugar, and then set in the icebox until very cold. Another excellent way is to remove the fiber, cut the pulp in cubes, drench with sherry, and add a spoonful of Curacao

NOVELTIES FOR WOMEN IN THE SUMMER SEASON

Undulated black velvet ribbon is one of the novelty dress trimmings this season. A half-inch width is perhaps the most effective as a garniture for this summer frocks.

Piccadilly belts are seen in renewed variety of colors. They sell for 75 cents each, and for wearing with cotton shirt waists they are especially desirable. They are of crocheted linen in one color, or white and a color, are bound with silk and do not shrink in washing. Some of these belts have narrow buckles of gun metal; others are of gilt.

Stocks and ties of silk gingham are serviceable and pretty, as well as inexpensive. The lower half of the stock is in fine tucks, which extend high enough to meet a pointed turn-over collar of the gingham, then stock and tie are finished with a narrow binding of white Japanese silk.

Pompons of net closely pleated and edged with narrow lace are among the novelties at the millinery counter. Many of these are all black, but the prettiest have a center of white net toned down with a black lace edging.

In colors there are pompons of large silk petals, centered with a straw cushion of a corresponding shade.

Besides the pearl head hair nets for evening, there are attractive nets in jet and imitation precious stones. One of these in a fine square mesh has a flat jet head in each corner of the mesh. Another net is composed of fine gilded wires crossed in squares and studded all over with rhinestones, the entire piece about three inches square. Others of these picturesque hair ornaments are round and some oval in shape.

Black silk coats for children have the approval of fashion. Some of them are perfectly plain, with large pearl or steel buttons, but more often there is collar in white or light blue to relieve any undue somberness. The popular silks for these little coats are taffeta and lightweight peau de sole, motifs being sometimes introduced as a trimming.

An unusually pretty shirtwaist of lavender lawn has an applique of white lily leaves on either side of the front, extending from the waist line to the shoulders. Otherwise the waist is perfectly plain.

DOLLY'S NATURAL HISTORY

When Dolly's papa asked her one day what was worse than a giraffe with a sore throat, after several moments' serious thought the youngster replied warily that she did not "kernactly know."

"Why," explained the parental, "a centipede with chilblains!"

That the humor sank deep into the child's mind was amusingly evidenced a week later. Taken to the Natural History Museum, Dolly stood in awe and wonder before the ostrich exhibit, while her elder read aloud the description appended.

Upon hearing that an ostrich possessed six stomachs, quick as a flash, Dolly interrupted excitedly:

"Now, I can tell papa what's worse than a giraffe with a sore throat or a centipede with chilblains—it's an ostrich with a stomach ache!"

WOLSELEY'S REAL MISSION.



London, April 4.—The British War Office is doing its best to explain that the visit of General Lord Wolseley to South Africa is entirely unofficial. It is generally understood, however, that the